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AT THE WINDOW

Here from my chair I see them go;
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Under my window; they don't know
A little wa'chman sees them all.

These two as a looking—aren't they queer?
They—How do you do?—I guess they say
They wonder why I stay in here
Instead of running out to play.

My two big brothers and the rest
Are playing there beyond the wall;
My brother Jack can play the best;
You ought to see him curve the ball!

And when he makes a splendid play
And I can help them raise a cheer,
My pains and troubles go away,
And I forget what keeps me here.

If I could just be well one day,
And go out, too, it would be fine,
Well—I can see the others play
And take their fun instead of mine.

I watch them here from up above—
You see it's almost just the same,
I love them so;—and I can love
As well as if I wasn't lame.
—Robert Hale, in Youth's Companion.

SAVED BY AN ELEPHANT.

A Miraculous Escape from an Indian Tiger.

"BOY, what was the noise under the house last night?"

"Tiger, misses, he eat up pet deer last night."

We had been some years in India, living in a region infested by tigers, and often came face to face with these terrors of the jungle. Of late they had been very troublesome, entering the native village nightly, destroying cattle, children and men.

We frequently amused ourselves in the evenings, blowing a bugle and counting the number of tigers that would roar in answer to the notes; and also to frighten away the jackals, who used to come in numbers around our bungalow and make night hideous by their unearthly cries. It had been a hot, restless night, and the first gray peep of advancing dawn found me stretched out in a reclining chair on the veranda, waiting for "chotre-hazra," and mentally arranging the coming day's duties. For me the wonderful coloring of a gorgeous sunrise had lost its fascinations, yet I lay watching the shadows creeping and spreading themselves beneath the mango and lime trees, when it seemed a strange shadow crept over the ground.

"What's that?" I cried, jumping up; but nothing unusual was in sight. Perhaps it was only a shadow, but it seemed to crawl with the inimitable, deadly grace that only a tiger has. Just as the light rose clear above the fringing belt of cocoanut palms there came trotting up the path toward the bungalow, chanting a song, two Sudras carrying between them a burden suspended from a pole, the ends of which rested on their shoulders. The Sudras are the lowest of the four great castes of Hindoos. They are very poor and live all their lives near starvation. But they are happy in their domestic life and show especial care for the aged or infirm. Placing their burden on the ground at the foot of the bungalow steps they made a profound salaam, carefully turning back the cloth from their load, and lo! a smiling old father looked up at his affectionate sons.

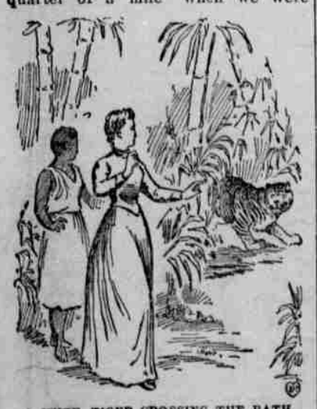
"The great father wants to die on the banks of the sacred river," they said, in answer to my question as to where they were going.

"But it is far to the Ganges, and many dangers wait in the jungle."

"Yes, but the great father must rest in peace. Has Memsahib seen any elephants or tigers this moon?" they anxiously inquired.

"Alas! yes. Three days ago one man was taken; last night a deer from under our house."

With a low reverence they caught up the old father and quickly moved down the sunlit path and faded from sight in the tangled shadows of the orange and lime trees beyond. The silence of early morning reigned around, broken only by the scream of a parrot or the cry of a monkey. Calling my native servant girl I set out for a walk, and followed down the same path taken by the Sudras. We had gone about a quarter of a mile when we were



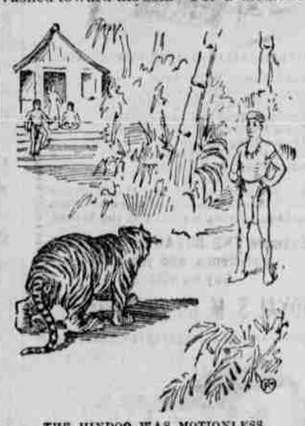
A HUGE TIGER CROSSING THE PATH.

startled by a slight noise in the path behind us, like the breaking of a twig. We looked anxiously back, but nothing unusual was in sight, and the peaceful song of the Sudras came clear and distinct just ahead. We moved on a few steps, but another backward glance showed us a huge tiger crossing the path between us and the bungalow. Never in my life have I felt my nerves give a worse jump. I shook all over in spite of myself. It must have been this tiger I saw under the trees this morning. We were helpless. Strange and thoughtless as it may seem, knowing the country to be dangerous, we had gone out unarmed. The first impulse was to make a dash through the jungle and endeavor to reach the bungalow. But was escape in that way possible? Would not the tiger be upon us before we could reach the edge of the woods? A movement in the elephant grass on one side showed us the tiger was drawing near. We saw his gleaming eyes, his tawny coat. Pulling myself together, I resolved on a rush to the path. Clasping hands with the native girl, we ran with might and main. A ray of hope entered my heart. Could we reach the house? A deep growl on the other side of the path. Faster we ran. But a gleam of gold and a pair of blazing eyes once more between us and home sent the cold shivers running all over me, and I stopped short. I knew it was the habit of a tiger to circle its prey instead of leaping upon or running it to earth. Experience of friends had shown that the tiger in selection of human food always seized Europeans in preference to natives. No doubt I would be the victim. A low growl near at hand! My heart seemed to give one beat backward and then came a sensation of indescribable sickness, a sinking, swooning nausea, a death-like feeling, impossible to describe. It seemed I could already feel an arm being torn off, and darts of fire rushing through my body. Then came on the still morning air the clear song of the Sudras. Perhaps they could help us. It would be death to stand here, and turning we fled down the path. Just ahead, between us and the dark mountains, was a small hill surrounded by a pagoda. Perhaps some of the worshipers still lingered. The Sudras had just reached the steps leading to the idol house as we came up. Alas! at the foot of the idol was the morning offering of rice and fruit, but the worshipers were gone. The tiger was in full chase. Again came its roar—closer than before, and now right behind us. Looking into each other's faces we could see nothing but despair. A sudden scream of parrots and chattering of monkeys aroused us to action. "Up the steps, ladies, the blessed Rhesus will protect us," cried the old father as he caught sight of a troop of long-legged monkeys that are considered holy saints by the Brahmins. In a moment we were scrambling up the broken steps leading to the idol house.

"Nana, carry my father to safety while the beast eats my flesh," cried one of the Sudras. "Nay, let me die for him."

"Go, brother! I am the oldest, mine the honor," and the younger obeyed.

We had just reached the foot of the pagoda when we heard brushes breaking on the other side of the hill. But there was no time to speculate upon the nature of the sound, for the old father cried out: "Brahm, Brahm," as the great tiger bounded in sight and rushed toward his son. For a moment



THE HINDOO WAS MOTIONLESS.

it stood, head erect, ears forward, tail switching, yellow eyes gleaming and scintillating, cruel, horrible. The Hindoo was motionless, expecting instant death. Suddenly the beast, with a harsh growl, threw himself upon the man, felling him like a log, and stood with one paw on the native's breast. But he was restless; something attracted his attention. He raised his hair on end, laid back his ears, turned his head away and was evidently watching some object in the jungle.

At first we could see nothing of the newcomer. Imagine our astonishment when, from behind a clump of minosa thorn, rushed a "rogue" elephant. Occasionally a wild male elephant becomes a solitary wanderer, either a compulsory or voluntary outcast from his herd, hence their name. They kill and destroy everything in their path, and are a great terror to the natives. The "rogue" charged immediately, head up, ears cocked, trunk curled up. The tiger was ready for the attack, and springing on the elephant seized him by the shoulder. A vigorous shake dislodged the beast, but again it charged, and the terrible conflict was well begun. I could not properly describe the scene. The moments slipped by and the fight still raged, but there could be no doubt how it would result. The elephant was now almost beside itself with rage. With a great roar he tore his antagonist from his side and hurled the beast ten feet away in a bunch of grass, but it was back again in an instant. The blood poured from a dozen great wounds in the elephant's body. At last he caught firmly around the body of the tiger and began to throw it backward and forward between his fore and hind feet, then kneeling on it, crushing it into the earth, and with a final kick went trumpeting into the jungle.

We were now free to go home. The old "rogue" had saved our lives. The brother who had so nobly risked his life was not seriously hurt, and had crept away during the fight. But the excitement was too great for the aged father, and that night there was a new grave under the sacred banyan tree.—Anna M. Parkley, in Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

—"Father," said Farmer Begosh's son, "I'm goin' to have another chill." "Be ye? Well, jes' wait a minute till I git the churn fixed up fur ye, will ye?"—Washington Star.

—"I haven't seen a sole go out of my door to-day," remarked the complaining shoemaker who didn't believe in advertising.—Yonkers Statesman.

AFTER-DINNER BOTANY.

Some Lessons for Persons Who Eat Tomatoes, Potatoes, Etc.

"The plants—but nobody cares what plants do," says Mr. Grant Allen in one of his most recent papers. Who ever takes the trouble to remember, as he eats his tomato mayonnaise, that the pleasant acid flavor and the attractive crimson coloring of the chief ingredient of his salad are the lures which nature gave the herb to attract animals more or less voracious than himself and induce them to spread about the seeds and help the tomato plant to increase and multiply and another year to bring forth fruit after its kind.

Or, if the loiterer at Delmonico's make so much of a reflection between his courses, he will hardly extend it so far as to compare the egg-plant which graces another place on the bill of fare with the tomatoe he has already eaten. If he did, and could persuade the waiter to bring him in one of each uncooked he would find much of a likeness between them.

Each is a true berry, soft and full of seeds. Each has a peculiar and pronounced flavor and an attractive outside coloring—the crimson of the tomato being replaced by ivory-white, or deep purple or violet in the egg-plant. But long before these observations had been made doubtless the sanity of the inquisitive guest would have been questioned by the proprietor and probably the police would have been called upon to rid the establishment of a dangerous lunatic.

If, notwithstanding these discomforts attending the study, our vegetarian should pursue the matter further and take up a volume on such subjects, his Gray would inform him that the tomato and the egg-plant were near kinsfolk, being both important members of the influential family of the nightshades. Yes, the nightshade—a family whose name, like some other family names, has an unpleasant suggestion because one member of it has been so unfortunate as to deserve and obtain a bad reputation. But the connection is by no means all bad, for a first cousin of the egg-plant the inquirer would find to be his old and esteemed friend the potato, and, looking about in natural surprise for any traces of that family resemblance which at first sight seems entirely wanting, a close examination would doubtless astonish him, as its results so often do. If he should go into his garden, or his neighbor's if he is so unfortunate as to have none of his own, he would find that the blossoms of all of them, potato, egg-plant and tomato, with their wheel-shaped corollas, are so closely similar that he might have trouble in distinguishing one from another; while his wife, if he is blessed with one, will tell him when he brings them to her for inspection that they are all ugly weeds and all exactly alike. If this lack of sympathy, which we warn him is to be fully expected, does not entirely chill his ardor of investigation one more look will show that the potato also bears a berry, making a pretty good counterpart of the fruit of the tomato and the egg-plant.—Lippincott's Magazine.

SHE SAVED HIS LIFE.

A Girl's Sacrifice Made in the Nick of Time.

He was a young man. His natural air of distinction was heightened by the dejected look in his eyes.

"It means ruin and death for me," he faltered.

The beautiful little girl who had just volunteered to sustain sisterly relations with him was deeply affected. A tear clung to her sweetly curved eyelash.

"Don't," she protested in unfeigned agitation.

He laughed scornfully.

"Death," he insisted, "is all that is left for me."

She trembled and turned pale.

"Do you," and her voice shook with terror, "contemplate suicide?"

"Yes."

It was a simple word, yet it burned into her heart, scaring her very soul.

"Ha! ha!" he chuckled, demoniacally.

A cold sweat bedewed his fair brow.

"Don't."

The air grew black before her.

"I have the means at hand," he cried.

She was dimly conscious that he drew a cigarette from his pocket, but not until he struck a match to light it did she realize the horrid nature of his purpose.

"Right here?" she gasped, her eyes starting from their sockets.

He was desperately cool.

"Before your eyes," he calmly replied, "I shall smoke this deadly cigarette. You will see me die."

"Ow, ow. Never. Don't. I'll be yours."

Ten minutes winged their flight.

"Edward."

She was nestling in his arms.

"Yes, darling."

"I wouldn't have cared, Edward, if you had shot yourself, or something like that, but such a horrid method of suicide. I just couldn't stand it."

Whereat he kissed her fondly and murmured sweet nothings in her ear.—Detroit Tribune.

Unkind.

"I don't think my hair would stand on end if I were to see a ghost," remarked Miss Elder, after several spectral tales had been related.

"Of course not," replied Miss Flypp. False hair is never affected that way."—Detroit Free Press.

Just the Man.

He—I think Dolly Griggson is terribly rude. I was telling her one of my best stories this afternoon and she fell asleep.

She—That's strange! She told me yesterday that she was troubled with insomnia.—Life.

They Love Wit of Any Grade.

"No difference how stupid a joke is, there is one class of women who will always laugh heartily at them."

"What class is that?"

"Those with beautiful teeth."—N. Y. Truth.

—"Love is blind," but jealousy sees more than really exists.—Once a Week.

BREAKING IN A BRONCHO.

The Three Initiatory Steps in the Education of the Mexican Pony.

The process of "breaking" a wild broncho may be divided into three parts: Throwing, haltering, tailing.

A man, quick of eye and steady of nerve, enters the corral. Swinging a rope rapidly in front of the particular broncho wanted, this horse is kept in the corral and the rest permitted to filter out through the gate. Then, deftly, a stout noose is whirled over the broncho's head and three or four men lay hold of the rope. After many futile attempts the rope is finally entangled in the broncho's feet and the animal thrown to the ground.

Quick as a flash one of the men throws himself upon the broncho's head, with one knee firmly on the head. With dexterous hands the horse's feet are tied tightly together, just below the fetlock. The animal is now perfectly helpless and further proceedings are undertaken at the leisure of the operators. A rope is passed around the animal's neck just behind the ears, then brought down and twisted, with a half hitch, about the nose. There are many knots and secret devices used by various ranchers in haltering a broncho, each man thinking his own especial method best. And it is no mean trick to halter a broncho effectively, when the horse is to be broken to lead by the "tailing process."

While the broncho is yet helpless, with all four feet bound, another broncho, already broken and used to such work, is led to the spot and the wild broncho is "tailed" to the tame one; that is, the halter of the former is firmly secured to the tail of the latter. This done, the wild broncho is released and the two horses, thus strangely fastened together, are turned out to go where they will. Of course, there is bucking, and jumping and pulling, and all sorts of unpleasant things for the tame animal, but in two or three days the broncho is usually broken so that he will lead.

The broncho's further education is undertaken by a daring rider armed with an immense Mexican saddle and a horsehair bridle with a wicked bit. But after all is done and the broncho is broken to sadddle, you never can trust him. He is like an Indian, and you may expect treachery at any moment.—Detroit Free Press.

DAYS OF SMALL THINGS.

Weak Efforts that Have Grown to Mighty Helps.

Long before the revolution a young printer in Philadelphia, when he had taken off his working apron at night, used to sit poring over his dozen of old volumes by firelight. He soon knew them by heart and hungered for more. But books were costly and he had but little money.

He had eight or ten cronies, young men who like himself were eager for knowledge. Ranging his books on a shelf, he invited his friends to do the same that each might have the benefit of them all.

Ben Franklin thus laid the foundation of the first circulating library, and now one of the largest in this country.

Thirty years ago a kindly German pastor, moved to pity by the condition of the homeless orphans in the city in which he lived, took three of them into his own home, appealing to Christians for aid to feed and clothe them, and to educate them into useful, good citizens.

Three great orphan asylums in different cities of the west are the result of this little effort.

A good woman in Philadelphi, twenty odd years ago, asked two or three of her friends to join her in renting a little room where they could meet occasionally to drink a cup of tea, and consult together how to help other women whose lot in the world was harder than their own.

Out of that little room has grown the stately New Century club with its collateral guilds, classes, and clubs of workingwomen, which have helped and strengthened many thousands.

Many readers who live in inland towns are bewildered when they visit the cities by the great libraries, hospitals, associations for charity, education or mutual aid, and wish hopelessly they had the same helps to broader and higher life in their own homes.

Let them begin with a little effort, and persist in their good work. Some good will come from every attempt of this kind. The most firmly grounded institutions are those which grew out of poverty slowly, and were not built to order.—Youth's Companion.

Financial Perplexities.

In journeying from country to country the change in the value of coins is apt to be confusing. But guineas, and florins, and kreutzer, and double ducats have ceased to be a perplexity to me. I ask the price of a thing, look wise as if I knew all about it, and then hold out my hand and let the vender take his pick. As riches take wings and fly away, I am determined to lose nothing in that manner. Fifty years from now a Turkish piaster will be worth to me as much as a Holland guilder, and it worries me not when I am cheated, for the man who cheats me must, in the end, suffer more than I, so that my chagrin is lost in compassion for his misfortune.—Talmage, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Matrimonial Item.

Friend—Is it possible, Mr. Oldboy, that you got married again in spite of your sixty years of age?

Mr. Oldboy—Certainly, my dear friend, and I am exceedingly happy.

Friend—Is that so; how about your wife?—Texas Siftings.

Napoleon Rode In.

Teacher—How did Napoleon III. reach the throne of France?

Pupil—He rode in.

"Rode in? Nonsense!"

"Oh, yes'm. The history says he got in by a coupe."—Good News.

—The natives of Vera Cruz do a large trade in fireflies, which they catch by waving a burning coal at the end of a stick. The insects fly toward the light and are captured in nets.

PITH AND POINT.

—While vacation always begins with a V, it always ends with a great scarcity of them.—Baltimore American.

—Hicks—"Do Littlejohn and his wife get along well together?" Wicks—"Yes, when they are apart."—Boston Transcript.

—A Promising Artist.—She—"Do you paint in water colors?" He (with dignity)—"I am from Kentucky, miss."—Detroit Free Press.

—She is a wise woman who knows enough to know a little less about everything than the man she wants to capture.—Elmira Gazette.

—He—"I am in love. Will you be my confidante?" She—"Certainly; I am at your service." He—"Well, would you advise me to propose to you?"

—A Successful Poem.—"My last poem made a great hit. The editor was struck with it." "Good! Knocked him down, did you?"—Atlanta Constitution.

—No, Beatrice, you are wrong; the "trough of the sea" is not put there for the purpose of watering the "ocean greyhounds."—Yonkers Statesman.

—For a week he idly wandered:
Now through dreary months he saves,
To catch up with what he squandered
By the sad sea waves.
—Washington Star.

—"There is a fine rose," said the florist. "Two dollars is what I ask. It hasn't a thorn." "No," replied Penniless, sadly. "But it has a price."—Harper's Bazar.

—Little Willie—"Why, papa, I just fired my pop-gun at a fly." Mr. Brown—"Then how did you make such a wreck?" Little Willie—"The fly was on the pier glass."

—The Time Was Not Auspicious.—Marie—"If you don't love Algernon, why do you not break the engagement?" Elsie—"He hasn't given me the ring yet."—Jeweler's Weekly.

—When you are boarding in the country and complain about the mosquitoes, you are always told that it is the first time in the history of the place that they ever put in an appearance.—N. Y. Sun.

—Penelope—"Do you notice anything striking in this room?" Staylate—"No; did I look as though I did?" Penelope—"I didn't know but that you might have heard the clock."—N. Y. Herald.

—She (on the piazza)—"Thanks, I don't care for the steamer rug, but I should like something to put around my neck." He—"What shall I fetch, a shawl?" She—"No; anything with arms to it."—Cloak Review.

—"I don't see what attraction the girls can find about young Sapley. Why, his mind is positively feeble." "Yes; but as he hasn't any occasion to use it they probably have never found it out."—Indianapolis Journal.

—The Veteran—"Speaking of bravery: why, durin' the Wilderness campaign, single-handed, I made forty confederates run." His Hearers—"How was that?" The Veteran—"Well, they chased me."—Harper's Weekly.

—Always pass the fruit to everybody else before helping yourself. Common politeness will induce your company to leave the choicest specimens upon the plate, and when it comes to your turn you can eat them without exciting remark.—Boston Transcript.

—Friends may fall away from a man, his wife may go to her mother's and his political acquaintances may cross him from their list, but as long as he can keep his bald head above the waters of oblivion, the friendly house fly will never desert him.—Philadelphia Times.

—"How old are you, sonny?" "Twelve years old, sir." "You are very small for your age. What's your name?" "Sammy Smith. My father is a baker on Manhattan avenue." "So your father is a baker. I might have known it from your size. You remind me of one of his loaves."

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

Little Willie Had an Intense Anxiety About All Things.

One day I sat in a car seat on the Saugus branch of the Eastern road, says a Boston letter, behind a pale, careworn lady, who was taking a little boy from Boston to Malden. As the little boy was of a very inquiring mind and everything seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of the questions.

"What is that, auntie?" the little boy commenced, pointing to a stack of hay on the marsh.

"Oh, that's hay, dear," answered the careworn lady.

"What's hay, auntie?"

"Why, hay is hay, dear."

"But what is it made of?"

"Why, hay is made of dirt, water and air."

"Who makes it?"

"God makes it, dear."

"Does He make it in the day time or the night?"

"In both, dear."

"And Sundays!"

"Yes, all the time?"

"Ain't it wicked to make hay on Sunday, auntie?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'd keep still, Willie, that's a dear. Auntie is tired."

After remaining quiet a moment little Willie broke out:

"Where do the stars come from, auntie?"

"I don't know; nobody knows."

"Did the moon lay 'em?"

"Yes, I guess so," replied the wicked lady.

"Can the moon lay eggs, too?"

"I suppose so. Don't bother me."

Another short silence, when Willie broke out:

"Benny says oxins is an owl, auntie. Is they?"

"Oh, perhaps so."

"I think a whale would lay eggs—don't you, auntie?"

"Oh, yes—I guess so," said the shameless woman.

"Did you ever see a whale on his nest?"

"Oh, I guess so."

"Where?"

"I mean no. Willie, you must be quiet; I'm getting crazy."

"What makes you crazy auntie?"—Chicago Journal.

FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

A WARNING.

Girls and boys, I wish to tell you
Of a foe you entertain;
I have seen him with you often,
And the fact has caused me pain:
For he only seeks the ruin
Of your lives so young and fair—
He's a foe, cool, sly and cunning,
And his name is: "I don't care."

Have you ever thought, dear children,
That "I don't care" is a thief,
Taking from you time and order,
Candor, friends, and all save grief?
Don't you notice the bold falsehoods
That he daily tells to you,
And that make you say: "I don't care,"
When at heart you really do?

He, at first, will only cause you
To forget yourself and dare
To answer parents, friends and strangers,
With the rude words: "I don't care."
But be warned! He'll plant within you
The true spirit of his name;
Then he'll disappear like magic,
Leaving you to bear the shame.

Break the habit, children, break it;
Do not use the common phrase:
Smaller things than this have started
Many a life in reckless ways.
Guard your words, your thoughts, your actions,
To yourself be true; and dare
Not let the good of life slip by you
With a reckless "I don't care."
—Floy S. Armstrong, in Housekeeper.

NOT STOPPING TO THINK.

It Caused One Boy Many Heartaches all Through Life.

Joe was not a bad boy at heart; he was only thoughtless. This fault in his character had caused his parents considerable trouble, and frequently had he been reproved for his failing, but without beneficient results. Joe's sister, Jessie, was his opposite in this respect. A fall in childhood had injured her spine and the helplessness consequent upon the affliction rendered the child's gentle temper still more mild.

Joe loved his quiet, sweet little sister. In his happy, boyish heart there lurked a feeling which would have made him do anything to obtain whatever Jessie might ask him for. But, as I have said, Joe was thoughtless. Many a hasty word which he had used in answering his sister had caused her large, brown eyes to fill with tears. Then Joe's heart would be filled with remorse; he would kiss Jessie, be forgiven and forget all about his offense.

The home of the brother and sister was in one of New York's pretty suburbs. Country life had made Joe a rugged, freckled-faced, sturdy boy of eleven years, while the smell of the fields and gentle sunshine had prolonged the life of his sister, which skillful physicians had, for four years, said would last a few months at the most, to thirteen years. So much had their quiet existence, far from the rush, noise and bustle of the city, done for the child that she was now able to walk about the garden in front of the cottage, and tend the roses and other flowers which her father had planted there for her.

One afternoon Joe, having learned his lessons for the following day, was standing on the veranda watching his sister taking up a ripped seem in his coat, the result of a rough frolic during luncheon hour at school, when some of his companions hailed him from across the road.

"Come on, Joe," they cried, "let's play football!"

"Hurry up, Jessie," said Joe to his sister.

"Yes, dear, one moment," she replied, gently.

"Oh! you are so slow," retorted the boy.

Then being called again by his friends he seized the coat and, pulling it out of his sister's hands, ran out into the road to play. The jerk startled Jessie, and she almost fell off her chair but saved herself by grasping the veranda rail. In so doing, however, she wrenched her back and had to be carried into the house and laid in her bed. Joe knew nothing of this, and continued his game.

The following day Jessie died. The life which the perfume of the fields and flowers had kept in her frail little body went out so easily and quietly that the watchers fancied that she had only sunk into a refreshing sleep. Twice before her eyes closed upon the scenes of this earth she whispered: "Joe, dear Joe."

They laid her in a little white coffin in the front parlor, and on the casket lid they placed a wreath of flowers, plucked from the bushes she had loved to care for. In her hands, which were crossed on her breast she held a bunch of violets. Then Joe was led in to see his sister. He was quiet and very pale. His lips trembled and hot tears filled his eyes and soon rolled down his cheeks. So after sob shook his frame as he looked on all that was mortal of her he had loved so well. When he was taken from the room by his mother he sank into her arms and moaned:

"Oh, if I had only stopped to think!"

Joe is a man now. He is a respected citizen of the village and has children of his own. Yet often and often, as he looks at the two little curly heads as they lie in peaceful slumber upon their cots in the nursery, does his memory go back along the years which have passed and he sees another head, still dear to him, and he sighs: "Oh, if I had only stopped to think!"—C. A. Lackhaussee, in Christian Enquirer.

A TRUE FISH STORY.

The One Trout That Came Expressly for Little Jennie Jenks.

They were out under the "Honey Sweet" tree, Jack and Ted and Ollie, picking up the apples that had fallen off in the night and eating all they could, when they spied Grandma Lane coming up across the orchard with her apron over her head.

"She's been to carry some quince jelly over to Mrs. Jenks'," explained Jack, "because her little girl's got the typhoid fever. I guess she's better, though." For the jelly glass was empty and Grandma Lane looked smiling.

"Yes, and Jenny is as hungry as a little bear," said she, "and the doctor says she may eat a bit of broiled trout. I wonder—"

"Why, of course we can!" cried Ted, guessing in an instant what grandma meant. "We'd like to, first-rate. We'll go over to the west branch right straight off."

"Me, too?" begged Ollie. "Please Jack."

"Oh, no!" said Jack, and "No, indeed!" laughed Ted. "You would be sure to talk and scare all the fish. Besides, we've only got one pole that's good for anything, and we'll have to take turns fishing ourselves."

So they rushed around like small whirlwinds to dig a boxful of earthworms, and be sure their one reel was in working order, and hunt up the old dip-net to use in case a very large fish should be hooked. Then away they went, and Ollie was left lamenting. If he hadn't had grandma to comfort him, I don't know what he would have done. She gave him a jelly-tart, and he couldn't cry with his mouth full, you know; and while he was eating it she filed a bit of wire and bent it in the shape of a hook, and fastened it to a piece of strong twine, and tied the twine to one of her round curtain-sticks.

"There," said she, "now you can go over to the pasture brook and fish to your heart's content, dearie." She put up a lunch for him, too, just like the one she had given Jack and Ted, only not quite so much of it. Isn't a grandma worth having?

Ollie twinkled off the last tear in a hurry. "Oh, thank you, gramma!" he cried. He never forgot that, I am glad to say, no matter how full of delight he was. He didn't dig earthworms for bait, because he could not bear to hurt them; but grandma cut a bit of salt pork for him and put a drop of anise-oil on it, which she said would be sure to catch a fish if there was one in the brook. Privately, I think she was afraid there wasn't, but she wouldn't say so.

Ollie began to be afraid so, too, after awhile. He went away up across the pasture to the woods, and followed the brook down, just as grandma had told him, fishing all the way and stopping now and then to eat a mite of his lunch, because he didn't want to take time to eat it all at once.

It was a very small brook, so narrow in the places where the water was deepest that he could almost step across it.

Just above the road-bridge it broaden out quite respectfully, and then dripped with a musical tinkle over a great, sunken log, and formed a pool under the edge of the bridge, which was made of logs, too, and covered with earth.

It was exactly the place for trout, if Ollie had but known it; as it was, he went down on his knees at one end of the grassy log, and dropped his hook without a thought of what might happen.

There was a flash through the shadowy water, and a sudden, sharp tug at his line that took Ollie's breath away. He had never caught a fish in all his life, but he new what it meant. His cap fell off and floated away under the bridge and out on the other side, but he didn't mind that. He pulled manfully at his end of the line until out upon the bank came a big, flapping trout. Such a beauty, with silvery spotted sides flashing in the sunshine.

Ollie pounced upon his prize and, forgetting his cap, away he scampered to the house, almost beside himself with excitement and joy.

"O gramma!" he cried, "I've got one! I've got one! O gramma, ain't you glad and 'stonished?"

It is safe to say Grandma Lane was astonished, she had no more idea that Ollie would catch a fish than that he could fly. And she was glad enough. As for Grandpa Lane, he said it was worth a dollar, and got out the big steelyards.

"Thirteen ounces and almost a quarter," he announced, presently. "I declare, I didn't know there was such a fish in the brook. It'll be worth telling the folks about when you go home."

It was worth telling Jack and Ted about, Ollie thought, his heart brimful of pride and joy. They came up the lane pretty soon, with disappointed faces and a string of red-fins.

"Jack hooked one trout," Ted exclaimed, "but it got off before he could reel it in. I'm awful sorry we didn't get one for Mrs. Jenks' little girl, grandma. But we had a nice time, and we wished we'd let Ollie—why, why—"

Two more surprised boys than Jack and Ted, at sight of that trout on the kitchen table, you never saw.

Ollie capered around the room like a wild thing. "I caught it! I caught it!" he cried. "In the brook, with gramma's curtain-stick! And there's a lot more, I shouldn't wonder."

But though they all went down to find Ollie's cap together, and fished until almost dark, and though they went fishing in the brook every day for the next week, there was never so much as another nibble.

"I think," Ollie remarked confidentially to grandma, "that my trout must have come there 'spressly so I could catch it for Jenny Jenks."

And Grandma Lane had the very same opinion.—Ada Carleton Stoddard, in Youth's Companion.

Interesting from the Start.

"I don't like this as much as I thought I would," said Harry, looking up from his algebra. "It's stupid. There's too many rules to learn."

"Things always seem so until we get through some of the drudgery," answered mamma, encouragingly. Mammas are always ready to inculcate moral lessons. "It will be more interesting after awhile. Everything is so at first."

Harry looked solemn.

"I know one thing that isn't stupid from the beginning," said he: "you don't have to wait for it to be interesting!"

"What is it?"

"Eating ice-cream!"—Harper's Young People.

—Harry wanted to give Lucy a birthday present, but couldn't make up his mind what it should be; so the next time he called he frankly told her the difficulty under which he was laboring. "Want to make me a present, Harry?" exclaimed Lucy in well-counterfeited astonishment. "Why, Harry, you forget yourself!" Harry took the hint and offered himself on the spot.—Boston Transcript.